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Summer Romance

I saw him the day after I got home. He had already been out of school a week and had the beginning of a suntan, a few freckles across his nose, and hair bleached by the June sun. He wore a faded blue shirt and navy overall pants—the outfit he wore all summer except on Sundays and special occasions.

I stood on the porch and called, "Hi, friend!" He turned and I saw that wonderful crooked grin of his, but all he said was, "When did you get in?"

The next afternoon he came and we went fishing. We crossed the back pasture, stopping at the edge of the woods to eat some ripe dewberries. He led the way along the narrow path, breaking back the poison oak with his hands, and laughing when I begged him to stop. We had no luck that day, and soon started home. Again we stopped in the pasture to watch a young colt as it frolicked beside its mother. Back at the house we rested on the cool porch and ate green apples and chocolate cake until it was time for him to go home. I watched him swinging down the road, the last rays of the summer sun on his fair hair, and I knew I was in love.

I went with Tom some that summer. He had a new convertible and we had wonderful times together, but I enjoyed the nights when he came over and we sat on the porch. He would push me in the swing, or we would sit on the steps and look for the Big Dipper and try to decide which was the North Star.

Whenever he passed the house I would call to him and he would stop to talk if he had time. We told jokes, mostly silly ones like those about the little moron and what the mayonnaise said to the refrigerator, talked about who got drunk Saturday night and how he was going to get through medical school.

I never went with him to church, but I remember that one night he came and sat by me, squeezing by several pairs of knees. He grinned and handed me a fan, but when I offered him a hymnbook he refused to share it with me, and I realized how shy he really was. Afterward he hurried out and Tom carried me home.

The night before I left he came to tell me good-bye. We stood on the porch as we had many nights before and looked at each other. Putting his arms around me, he kissed me hesitantly, yet eagerly.

"I'm going to miss you," I said.

"Me too."

"I'll write."

"O.K. Well, 'bye," and he was down the walk and out of the gate. I stood there with tears in my eyes, thinking about that funny boy. I loved him so and he was only nine years old! Then I turned and went in the house.

Sue Bullock



The Human Circus

"Step right in, ladies and gentlemen! See the greatest show on earth! Just ten cents—one thin dime!"

I stared down at my worn saddle shoes wondering if I should spend my one remaining coin for this so-called greatest show on earth or if I should ride on the Octopus which was supposed to be very exciting. I glanced toward the heavenly atmosphere at the mass of people's faces revolving in the mechanical device. It reminded me of cake batter in an electric mixer. It was so high and I did get dizzy—

I placed the coin into the barker's hands and walked into the enormous tent. I found my way to a shabby seat at the uppermost portion of the canvas dome and waited.

There was a roaring of drums and in marched four elephants, each bearing the load of a beautiful girl. I smiled to myself. How much the large elephant at the head of the procession reminded me of the fat little boy next door!

Next came Smiling Sam and his trained seal. The seal bellowed loudly. Was it my imagination? No, it did sound like Father when he found that Mother had forgotten to strain the orange juice. Various members of the animal kingdom followed the seal. Then came Fearless Frances with her savage members of the feline family. Could the one with the spots be—oh, but she was at home—well—it did resemble Sally, my best friend, in that coat she got for Christmas.

The troop went on and on and my eyelids began to drop. I glanced at my watch—Gollies! It was eleven-thirty. Mother would be furious.

I rode home silently and Mother met me at the door.

"Have a nice time, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, I saw a human circus."

"I knew you would eat too much and get sick," she said. "That's enough imagination for now—it's to bed for you."

I slid between the sheets and fell into dreams of my human circus.

BOBBIE BURCH

It Only Takes a Stamp

1327 Forest Ave. Raleigh, N. C. March 15, 1951

Dear Michael,

Surprised? I bet you are. It's been a long time since I've written you, hasn't it? Almost two years. It doesn't seem possible that we could live in the same town for nine months out of the year and see each other so very occasionally.

I saw the back of your head at one of the State basketball games this year, but I didn't get to speak to you because you were downstairs. I never did see your face, but I recognized that leather jacket.

Are you beginning to wonder why I have honored you with this epistle? This is really a congratulatory note. I saw Bill Harrison this afternoon and he told me you were pinned! This bit of news surprised me to say the least. I just couldn't imagine old Bluebeard Ferrell pinned to anyone. She must be some girl to ensnare you; I congratulate her. Does she know how very lucky she is? If you need a recommendation, refer her to me.

On the other hand, maybe you better not. I might tell her how mean you are or how you burst into hysterical laughter in the darndest places. I might even tell her how you threw an innocent girl, namely

yours truly, into an icy lake one September day.

Of course I'm only kidding, you know I wouldn't say anything derogatory about you. After all, I'm probably your best friend, even though you did have a habit of letting me fall flat on my face every time we used to try the Charleston. We were pretty good in our day, weren't we?

I have scads of homework so I guess I better begin on my mucho assignments. I do want to say again, sincerely, that I hope you have a wonderful pindom. Have you made any plans?

Always, Jane

> 225 Bagwell Dorm. N. C. State College March 18, 1951

Dear Jane,

Was I surprised to get a letter from you! I can't imagine you voluntarily writing to anyone. I must really rate! I can remember when I didn't. If I received a one-and-one-half page letter from you during Christmas or Spring holidays, I used to consider myself lucky.

No kidding, Jane, it was swell of you to write me. You really are one of my best friends and one grand sport. I would like for you to meet Marilyn; you two would like each other.

I just finished my last exam, and I'm leaving for home this afternoon. It doesn't seem possible that I have only one more term of college. Guess the army will get me in June.

Be good!

As ever, Mike

> 225 Bagwell Dorm. N. C. State College April 2, 1951

Dear Janie,

I called your house last night about thirty times between seven and eight o'clock. I still haven't gotten you. Popular girl! Does your father still threaten to limit your calls to ten minutes?

Janie, I want to ask you a big favor. Marilyn's birthday is the tenth of this month, and I haven't any idea what to give her. Would you help me shop for something this Thursday afternoon? Could you call me tonight and let me know? I would call you, but I'm sure your line would be busy. I still have the same number.

As ever, Mike

Dear Mike,

Your flowers just came. They're so very beautiful. I'm flattered

that you still remember my favorite.

Did Marilyn like the sweater? I'm sure she must have. I enjoyed making up your feeble mind for you. I must say I have excellent taste, agreed?

Thanks again for the lovely gardenias. Imagine thanking a girl

for going shopping with you!

Always, Janie

April 6, 1951

Philadelphia, Pa. April 13, 1951

Dear Janie,

Just a note from your favorite world traveler. I'm up here on an inspection tour along with about fifty other engineers. This place is really alive; I've taken in a couple of shows. Will leave here the sixteenth at noon.

Would you like to go to the Junior-Senior next week-end? Marilyn can't get down for the week-end, and I'm sure she wouldn't want me to miss the big dance. Shall we wow 'em with our two-step?

See ya', Mike

> 225 Bagwell Dorm. N. C. State College April 23, 1951

Dearest Janie,

I could never assemble my thoughts in conversation, so I'm going to try writing them. I don't know what your reaction to this will be; I can only hope.

Jane, you know during these last two years I have played the field—quite freely! When we stopped dating, I dated a series of dizzy blondes, slinky brunettes, and even a carrot top. I had fun, but it was all a farce.

As you know, you were my first love. I used to disregard the many times I thought of you by this simple explanation. Even after two years of not dating, I still remember everything about you—about us.

I'm messing this up; I guess I'm trying too hard. To be brief and frank: Marilyn and I aren't dating any more. She said she knew all along that I must care for someone else. I told her all about you; in fact, she's the one who suggested I see you again. She's a swell person.

Jane, what I want is another chance. I began to wonder about you and me and this situation the afternoon you helped me shop. Last night, sometime while we were dancing, I knew. I had the impression you liked being with me too. I know I sound presumptuous, but I think you liked dancing, cutting-up, fighting—being with me. I sure read a lot in your eyes; was I right? You have no idea how hard I am hoping.

Shall I call you? May I see you again and again? If you write write soon!

I'm going to say it, I love you,

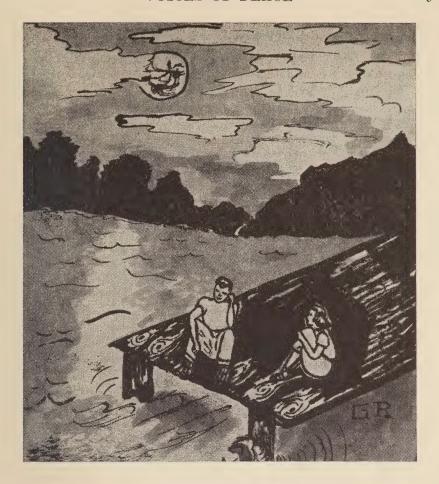
Mike

Dear Mike,

Ditto! Call me tonight, no, come to me at eight!

Mucho amor, Janie

MICKEY ROUSE



A Night in April

It was a cool, rather chilly night in April. The moon, like a beacon, was well up in the sky, bountifully pouring its light, with silvery clouds rushing over its face like a spectral train on into the depths of the sky. There wasn't a sound save our skipping feet and panting breaths as we ran down the sandy lane until we slapped the wooden pier with our sandled feet. Then as our laughter rang through the stillness, he said, holding my hand a little tighter, "Let's walk the rest of the way." We strolled hand in hand up the length of the pier, and at the end we sat down. He, sitting with his arms on his knees, and I, curled up with my knees under my chin, began the long-awaited heart-to-heart talk to the sound of the lapping and the swishing of the waves.

GILDA RENFROW

Hawaiian Holiday

Have you ever yearned to spend lazy days on a green tropical island, basking in the sun and listening to the warm melodious voices of natives singing ancient songs? There is such a place—it's called Hawaii. Let's take an imaginary voyage to the beautiful isles!

After cruising on the smooth blue Pacific Ocean for five days, we begin to notice two things that are different—the sky is a deep royal blue and the harsh wind has changed to a soft trade wind.

The first excited passenger to call out, "There it is!" brings us all to the rail.

"That! It looks more like a rock!"

"Where are the grass huts?"

"Look!"

We see chocolate-colored natives rowing out to the steamer in quaint little outrigger canoes, flashing white teeth, and yelling for us to throw coins into the water. We watch them dive after the coins and come up holding them between their teeth.

As our boat cruises along the shore, we view Diamond Head, the huge extinct crater which seems to protect Honolulu from the outside world.

The city is spread out over the multi-colored mountains of the Nuuanu Range; and as our steamer approaches the dock, we see the tall, white Aloha Tower in front of us, a greeting to all newcomers to the islands.

A real trickle of excitement comes over us as we hear a band playing on the dock and see a crowd of happy faces smiling up at us. Dark-haired hula girls with giant red hibiscus flowers in their hair are dancing, and as the gangplank is lowered, we scramble excitedly down.

We feel soft garlands of flowers, "leis," placed around our necks, and hear the word, "Aloha" greeted us.

What loud shirts the men are wearing! They look like something straight out of a nightmare, with that horrible purple and red and every other color in the rainbow! And there's a woman in a long dress that looks like a nightgown! (This we are informed is a "muumuu," or long brightly colored Hawaiian dress!)

We drive along broad palm-lined boulevards to our hotel, noticing all the modern stores and theaters. All ideas of a primitive native island have vanished, and we feel a little pang of disappointment.

Our days are spent relaxing on silver sand, exploring fern-covered forests and craters, picking orchids (which grow wild), and simply enjoying life. We drive along miles and miles of rocky coast line and suddenly find ourselves among fertile green fields of pineapple and sugar cane. There seems to be a rainbow everywhere we look.

The Hawaiians love to sing and dance and—eat. We attend a huge feast, called a "luau," which is lots of fun because everyone dresses up in Aloha shirts, muumuus, and coconut hats. Natives place a pig in a large pit in the ground and put hot stones inside it, which slowly cook the pig. Covered with "ti" leaves and potatoes, it acquires a wonderful flavor. The feast begins with every kind of food imaginable spread out before us, and we are happily content to sit and eat fresh ripe pineapple, sip Chinese tea, and try to manage our rice with chopsticks.

We are surprised to find that most of the population is Japanese—over half, in fact. The rest is composed of Chinese, Koreans, Caucasians, Portuguese, Filipinos, and a few part-Hawaiians, as there are no full-blooded Hawaiians left on the islands today.

Restful Hawaiian nights are spent in a setting of rugged mountains, palms swaying in a soft trade wind breeze, a huge moon over Diamond Head, and music and happiness everywhere.

We hate to leave this paradise, but the day for our departure comes at last. As we are smothered in "leis" of ginger blossoms and "pikake" by friends, we try to smile and utter our thanks, but our eyes become misty. We recall our illusions of a primitive and savage land with grass huts and are amazed at our foolishness as we realize that these people are as modern and progressive as we are.

"Aloha" has a new meaning now, as the strains of "Aloha Oe" float out across the water.

The steamer whistle bellows, and we wave frantically as the ship pulls out.

We take off our "leis" and throw them into the water—if they float back to shore we will come back again. And as we take a final look, a rainbow lingers over Maona Valley . . . a promise of our return.

An African Storm

Frances Waters

The wind has been gently blowing all day and the sky is full of soft fleecy clouds. Then for no reason at all the wind is getting stronger and all of the clouds seem to roll and tumble together as they race across the valley. Everything is tense as the clean wind whistles through the tops of the palms, bending them over and whipping around the corners of the house. As the storm nears, there is the sound of a torrent rushing down the mountain-side taking everything with it. Then the skies are black and seem to open while the rain pours forth

as though over some great water-fall. It pounds against the walls of the house as if it wanted to bring down everything on earth in destruction. The wind is making the rain into a river as it sweeps across the top of the roof. The world seems to be in a tumult and everything is going to be destroyed. The wind moans around the end of the house and races across the station to the first thing it can bend low in its fury.

Then before anyone knows what is happening, calm and silence reign the world. The air is clear and sweet and the howling wind is gone. The peace and quietness after the storm is more than just a matter of sound. It goes deeper than that. The birds are singing softly as though to thank God for saving them; the water from the leaves is falling to earth as the breeze rustles them. There is the call of some animal to another rising from the valley below, and all are saying in their own way, "Thanks be unto God for saving us today." The storm with all of its mighty force has come and gone while peace and quietness are everywhere. The storm is a thing of the past and is soon forgotten.

BERTHA JEAN DELAND

A Dream

Across the spacious, dimly-lighted dance floor he stood—tall, lean, and, beyond all doubt, the most handsome man I had ever seen. He had black wavy hair, unusually expressive brown eyes, a smooth bronze complexion, and a straight, finely molded nose. With a pleasantly concerned countenance, he seemed to be generally surveying the crowd. Casually he started in my direction with an air of aristocratic dignity. Oh, if only he would merely glance at me, if he would dare ask me for a dance, I thought. He was near enough then that I could see the sharp outline of his mouth and the perfectly shaped lips. He paused a few feet from me, and, with his hands behind him, he turned his head slightly so that the light accentuated the neatly placed waves in his hair and cast a shadow on one side of his face. With his left evebrow slightly raised, his brow furrowed, suddenly there came the sparkle of an even line of white teeth through the parting of smiling lips. At the realization, I pulled the handkerchief in my hands more violently to relax the tension of chilled arms and a pounding heart. As I turned to escape, I heard a deep mellow voice ask, "May I have this dance with you?"

GILDA RENFROW

Appointment

She remembered the scarf when she was at the corner of Main and Williamsboro—almost there. For a minute she thought about going back. No. Taxi fare going and coming, eighty, hair fixed, a dollar and a quarter. And that was extravagance.

It was raining steadily now and the sky was overcast and gray. There seemed little promise of any sun.

At the beauty parlor the driver helped her out and held her umbrella while she fumbled in her black bag for the forty cents. He opened the door of the shop for her politely. You are thinking there is little they can do for an old woman like me, aren't you? If only she dared say it aloud! That would do something to that amused, tolerant look on his face.

Slowly climbing the stairs, she smelled waving lotion and wet coats. Two girls in saddle oxfords and bright scarves sat in a corner of the waiting room looking at a magazine. The radiator was steaming and there was the whirr of the dryers.

She propped her umbrella by the desk and gave the girl in the white uniform seated there her name and reached for the money.

"That will be a dollar thirty-five," the girl murmured.

"I thought it was a dollar and a quarter," the woman said in dismay.

A big woman with red hair who had been talking on the telephone caught sight of the money for the roast and the flowers and said loudly, "Now, Mrs. Dow, you've got plenty of money!"

She could have cried; but she smiled and handed the girl two bills.

After hanging up her coat, hat, and umbrella, she sat down and smoothed her dress. Catching a glimpse of her feet, she was again conscious of the ugly galoshes and the run in her hose. She had almost changed to the good ones.

As she waited she dreamed and planned. She would have soup for lunch and send the little girl in the apartment down the hall to the grocery store. The flowers were to come at three-thirty.

For a minute she saw it clearly; the linen tablecloth, the heavy, flat silver, the plates James' mother had given them when they were married, the gleaming goblets, the roast perfect, the creamed potatoes (Jamie had loved them so when he was a little boy), her excellent coffee, and, of course, the strawberry shortcake. She still wondered if she should have planned for apple pie a la mode. The shortcake would be easier and she was already so tired!

She sighed heavily and the girl at the desk said quickly, "I believe they are ready for you now, Mrs. Dow."

After she was seated at the table another girl in a white uniform took down her hair. As she looked in the mirror she was almost shocked at the sight of her face and especially her grey hair. "You really look old, like a witch," she thought and hastily closed her eyes.

Tonight it would be different. Her hair would be waved and soft, and she would wear her black dress and her pearls. Jamie, tall and dark, would put one arm around her and one around Vivian when he introduced them. Vivian, with stars in her eyes, the diamond sparkling in the candlelight, would kiss her. Jamie had said they would like each other. But how did he know? He had drifted so far from her since James' death. Tonight she hoped to change that.

An hour later, after having had the girl at the desk call a taxi, she stood outside waiting. She had only glanced at her hair but it looked nice—rather tight, but the damp air would take care of that. She still wished she had brought a scarf.

The ride back seemed longer and she realized how tired she was. In front of the apartment she paid the forty cents and hurried in before the driver could help her. Lois met her on the dark musty stairs.

"Mrs. Dow—oh, you look so pretty—somebody called you up while you were gone. Ma's got what they said written down."

For a moment she was conscious of nothing, and then of a dull throbbing ache. She knew! They weren't coming! What could she do? She just *couldn't* bear it!

"Do you want me to go to the store right now?"

"No, Lois. You won't have to go. But come in my room and talk to me and I'll give you a dime anyway."

SUE BULLOCK

At Daybreak

Walking along the beach in the gray of the early morning, I can hear the calm roar of the ocean and the gentle break of the waves as they roll against the shore, their white caps barely visible. Weaving in the sand are the tiny sea animals that hide among the grains of earth, trying to escape the harmful hands of human beings. The seaweeds sway back and forth in the breeze, making a picturesque border for the houses in the distance. Overhead the stars and moon have left the heavens, which loom low in gray stillness. Silence predominates, broken only by the pit-pat of my feet as I walk near the water's edge. Far in the distance is the faint outline of an old pier over the ocean. It rocks to and fro as the waves beat against it, while on top are courageous fishermen who dare to trust its stability. These men are the only signs of life in the chill of this early morning, and they venture out because their special fish bite best at this hour.

The icy water touching my feet penetrates through my body with the intensity of a sudden shock, and the damp air of the morning shakes my muscles with chills. Still on and on I go, forgetting the uncomfortableness and looking at the beauty of the world around. The sand dunes farther up the beach form a blockade for the sea and give harbor to me as I seek rescue between their walls. Curled up among these dunes, I can feel even more the stillness around. Even the fishermen in the distance are silent as they busily go about their task. Only the roar of the ocean breaks the calm but forceful peace.

Then with great anticipation I turn to look at the never ending gray-blue line of the horizon. My hopes are answered. Slowly, and with the beauty of a burning fire, the sun breaks through to dawn the day. It flames in the heavens and warms the peaceful earth.

JOANNE JACKSON

A Friend

I entered the quiet of my lonely room,

Heart heavy with cares of the day.

I needed a friend to give me strength—

Humbly I knelt to pray.

BETTY MINSHEW



The Blind Date

I'd sat around for a week or more In dread and fear of that knock on the door. The horror of my fate that was sure to come. Oh why was I ever so dumb? The beginning of this dreaded event Was when I gave my consent. I let my imagination wander, As I began to ponder— Would he be tall and dark and thin, Or would he be short and fat with a silly grin? How ever bad this "thing" will be, I'd have to go, don't you see? I sat there for an hour, With every thought getting sourer and sourer, When all at once I heard Mother say, "Yes, Joe." Oh Lord, No! No! His voice sounded nice, but how could I tell What manner of beast was this male? Then mother called, "Rachel, dear, come downyour guest is here."

What could I do? I was trapped like a rat. So slowly I turned and took my hat. Even slower I turned and walked To where I heard Mother and him talk. Sadly I entered this room.

My eyes never lifted for fear of my doom. I could feel his gaze fixed on me.

I looked and gasped, "Oh gosh, could this

be true, what I see?"

The figure I saw was so tall and dark,

So handsome it made the blood pound in my heart.

His eyes twinkled like millions of stars and
his teeth so white.

Oh no, this couldn't be right!

Mother smiled and bid us good-bye,

And I waved and let out a sigh.

As for Blind Dates, take my advice, This luck comes only once in a life.

RACHEL COFFEY

On Listening to "Stardust"

"For Wilma and Don of Apex; Nell and Pete of Oxford; Lois, Betty, Ruth, Jean, and Nancy, all of Raleigh . . . here's 'Stardust.'"

Suddenly you are oblivious of the girl who wants a Dr. Pepper and a pack of square Nabs from the Little Store; the pile of clothes you were going to wash; the fact that your alarm clock is set for six-thirty so you can finish that English essay; the drizzling rain; the low, hoarse blowing of a train as it approaches the Seaboard Station.

The room is filled with the sweet and melancholy music. You are under a night sky—a full moon, and innumerable stars. The soft June night is scented with roses and honeysuckle. And he is with you, and that something in your eyes is "Stardust."

SUE BULLOCK

The Whispers of the Trees

The whispers of the trees seem to tell of the deepest secrets. Sounding through the night, they speak of horrors never told—the backbiting of a careless tongue, the laughter of a heartless enemy, or the crying of a soul-sick person. Still, they ring with the happiness of youth and freedom, the gladness of men of old, and the merriment of little children. These telltale trees know of the lives of men—their triumphs, their failures, their happiness, their distress, their love, their hatred, their knowledge, their ignorance—and knowing these things they seem to be able to speak to the people, advising them, reproving them. Ever-knowing their surroundings, the trees with the motion of the wind relate their stories. Listen then and learn what message they whisper to you!

JOANNE JACKSON

The Robin

Kathy heard Flopsy sniffing at the door when she woke up. Hopping out of bed, she went to the door and let her in, gathering the brown and white dog in her arms. Then she crossed to the window, still holding the dog, and together they looked out at the April morning.

On the limb of the peach tree by the window was a robin. The pink blossoms against the blue spring sky and the bird made a picture that appealed to the little girl and she exclaimed happily, "Oh, you are so pretty!"

The dog beside her gave a short bark and Kathy looked down at her. "I haven't got time to play with you. I've got to get ready for school."

She pulled off her pink flowered pajamas and began dressing. When she had finished, even to tying her shoes, she pulled a chair over to the dresser and climbed up in it to survey herself. She admired the starched crispness of her plaid cotton dress, and climbing down, started to the kitchen, two green ribbons from the box on the dresser in her hand, so Mommy could plait her hair.

Mommy was pouring Papa a cup of coffee, and she looked up as Kathy and Flopsy came in. Papa grinned at her and Tom said, "Hi, baby."

Mommy put the coffee-pot back on the stove and began plaiting Kathy's long brown hair.

"Honey, please hold still!"

"I was just wishing I didn't have to go to school. Do I?"

"Sure thing," Tom said as he got up from the table. "We want you to be smart and graduate with honors," and he added ruefully, "like me."

Kathy saw Papa frown and Mommy gave her hair a slight pull. She knew that Tom wasn't doing well in school and that he might not graduate in May, and graduating was very important Mommy and Papa thought. Tom was good-looking and everybody liked him, but—well he just wasn't too smart, except in geometry, whatever that was.

After Kathy had finished eating her breakfast, Papa, before driving away to work in the pick-up, kissed her and gave her a nickle to buy a popsicle at recess. Mommy gave her her lunch box, kissed her, told her how pretty she looked, made her put on a sweater, and said she would be at Mrs. King's when they got home from school.

Tom picked up her bookcase, his own geometry book (the only one he ever brought home), and his baseball glove, put a package of cigarettes in his pocket, and they left, leaving Flopsy gazing out of the screen door after them.

Everything was sweet and fresh outside. Kathy had forgotten the rain of the night before that lulled her to sleep as it beat on the roof. As they walked along she noticed that Tom kicked at pebbles, getting his shoe dirty.

"Tom, don't do that. You're messing up your shoes."

"Aw, Kathy! What does it matter if I do?"

"Tom, what's wrong with you?"

"Honey, I'm sorry. It's just that I remembered we're going to have a big history test today. The folks want me to graduate, and I

don't know what I'm going to do. I want to finish so I can go off to college and learn to build my bridges."

They grinned at each other. Tom was always telling Kathy about the bridges he was going to build. He was going to be an engineer, not one that rode on the train, but another kind. Kathy didn't quite understand about other kinds of engineers but if Tom was going to be one they were all right, she knew.

"You've got to know geometry to build bridges, but English and history don't help, but you still got to have them before you can get to be an engineer. And geometry is something that's real and true. 'The hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the square root of the sum of the squares of the other two sides'—that's just that. But why you got to call one word a verb and another something—," he stopped. "Why am I telling you all this? You're just eight and don't understand a thing I'm talking about."

They were at the school now and almost at Kathy's room; so she didn't have time to tell him she liked to have him talk to her even if it didn't make sense. Tom paused outside her door, pulled one of her pigtails, and dropped a dime in her hand. He did that every morning. Then he started for his classroom.

The morning passed uneventfully except that Mrs. Elliot slapped Jimmy Wilkins for teasing Joyce and making her cry, and scolded Marie for not knowing the ninth line of the multiplication table.

At recess she bought an orange popsicle with the nickel Papa gave her. She was saving her dimes to buy Tom a present when he went off to college, a sweater maybe.

It was at lunch time that she heard about the new girl in school. Some big girls in the sixth grade were talking about her. She had long blond hair and was even prettier than Jane Lewis, the town mayor's red-haired daughter, whom she was visiting, and all the boys were in love with her, they related excitedly.

When school was out Kathy and Mary Adams washed the black-boards and dusted the erasers while waiting for Tom and Lois. Tom always went to the drug store for a few minutes after school before he and Kathy started home. Mary's sister had glee club practice. After they finished in the classroom they went outside and watched some of the children skating. At four o'clock Mary, who was tired of waiting, said to Kathy, "Let's go down to the drug store and get something to eat. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, but I don't want to spend it."

"Aw, come on. Let's go anyway."

Kathy was tired of waiting too. Tom was staying longer than usual. Maybe she could tell him to let's go home.

Kimbrell's Drug Store was always crowded after school. When Kathy went in she didn't see Tom anywhere so she walked to the back while Mary perched herself on one of the stools at the fountain. In the very last booth Kathy found Jane Lewis and some high school boy and Tom and a strange girl—the most beautiful girl Kathy had ever seen! She was whispering something in Tom's ear and they were all laughing.

"Tom," Kathy began, "it's time—"

They all turned to look at her.

"Well, here's the kid sister," said the boy, "what do you want, honey?"

All of them laughed but Tom, and his face was red and angry and his voice cold as he said, "Go on home, Kathy!"

For a moment she stared at him. Finally the hard lines around his mouth began to disappear, but Kathy turned and ran out of the store, hearing Mary calling to her to wait. She passed the school where the children were still skating and she heard their happy laughter, but she ran on until she reached the road toward home. There she slowed down a little and burst into tears, and sobbing, gasping for breath, finally reached the house. She didn't stop until she reached her room, and there flung herself on the bed.

Outside the window the pink blossoms of the peach tree had begun falling and there were white clouds in the blue sky, but on a branch of the tree, near the window, the robin had begun its nest.

SUE BULLOCK

The Language of Love

Have you ever tried to write a lyric To John, or Bill, or Bob, or Eric? It's not the easiest thing to do. You'll be half "nuts" before you're through. 'Course some say you're crazy to even start To try to tell what's in your heart; 'Cause written down in pen and ink The words are not the ones you think. You see, the language of one in love Is a language that you'll never dub. The words are those not yet invented-Words that are rose and lilac scented. They're lovely words that are hard to say, But words you feel from day to day. But how can you make him understand? By ever-so-gently pressing his hand.

MADELYN SCHREFFLER

Contents

	PAGE
Summer RomanceSue Bullock	3
The Human CircusBobbie Burch	5
It Only Takes a StampMICKEY ROUSE	6
A Night in AprilGILDA RENFROW	9
Hawaiian HolidayFrances Waters	10
An African StormB. J. DeLand	11
A DreamGILDA RENFROW	12
AppointmentSue Bullock	13
At DaybreakJoanne Jackson	15
A FriendBetty Minshew	15
The Blind Date	17
On Listening to "Stardust"Sue Bullock	18
The Whispers of the TreesJoanne Jackson	18
The RobinSue Bullock	18
The Language of Love	22

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